

*PARTHENOPHIL* | ^ |

## ^f^ SONNET XXII.



FROM thine heart's ever burning<sup>a</sup>  
 Vestal fire, The torchlight of two  
 suns Is nourished still; Which, in  
 mild compass, still surmounting  
 higher, Their orbs, which circled  
 harmony fulfil;  
 Whose rolling wheels run on  
 meridian's line, And turning, they  
 turn back the misty night. Report of  
 which clear wonder did incline Mine  
 eyes to gaze upon that uncouth  
 light.  
 On it till I was sunburnt, did I gaze!  
 Which with a fervent agony  
 possessed me ; Then did I sweat,  
 and swelt; mine eyes daze Till that  
 a burning fever had oppressed me :  
 Which made me faint. No physic hath  
 repressed me ; For I try all! yet, for to  
 make me sound, Ay, me ! no grass, nor  
 physic may be found.

## SONNET XXIII.



WHEN, with the Dawning of my first  
 delight, The Daylight of love's Delicacy  
 moved me; Then from heaven's disdainful  
 starry light, The Moonlight of her Chastity  
 reproved me. Her forehead's threatful  
 clouds from hope removed me, Till  
 Midnight reared on the mid-noctial line;  
 Her heart whiles Pity's slight had  
 undershoved me; Then did I force her  
 downward to decline Till Dawning daylight  
 cheerfully did shine; And by such happy  
 revolution drew Her Morning's blush to  
 joyful smiles incline. And now Meridian  
 heat dries up my dew ;  
 There rest, fair Planets ! Stay, bright  
 orbs of day! Still smiling at my dial, next  
 eleven!